PLEASURE BOOKS. A

WITH COLOURED PICTURES.

JENNY WREN.

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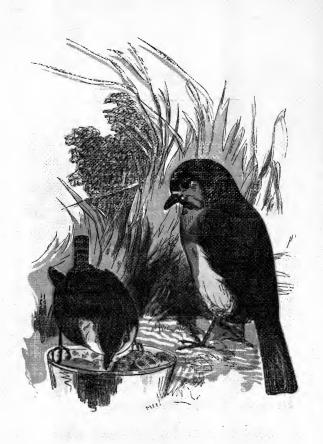
THE

LIFE AND DEATH

OF

JENNY WREN.

Jenny Wren fell sick
Upon a merry time,
In came Robin Redbreast,
And brought her sops and wine.



"Eat well of the sop, Jenny,
Drink well of the wine."
"Thank you, Robin, kindly,
You shall be mine."

Then Jenny she got well,

And stood upon her feet

And told Robin plainly,

She lov'd him not a bit.

Robin being angry,

Hopp'd upon a twig,

Saying, "Out upon you,

Fie upon you, bold-faced jig!"



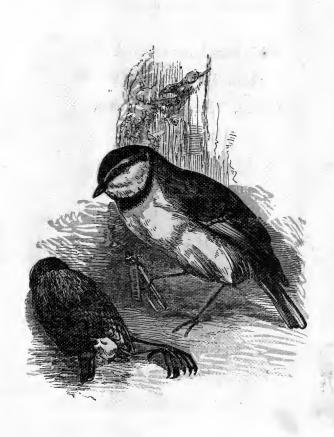
Jenny Wren fell sick again,
And Jenny Wren did die.

The doctors vow'd they'd cure her,
Or know the reason why.

Doctor Hawk felt her pulse,
And shaking his head,
Says, "I fear I can't save her,
Because she's quite dead."

"She'll do very well,"
Says sly Doctor Fox,
"If she takes but one pill
From out of this box."

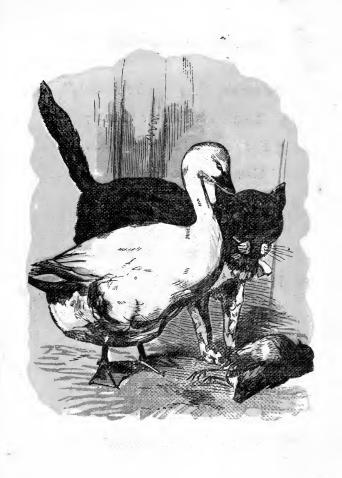




With hartshorn in hand
Came Doctor Tomtit
Saying, "Really, good sirs,
It's only a fit."

"You're right, Doctor Tit,
The truth I've no doubt of;
But death is a fit
Folks seldom get out of."

Doctor Cat says, "Indeed,
I don't think she's dead;
I believe, if I try,
She yet might be bled."



"I think, Puss, you're foolish,"
Then says Doctor Goose;
"For to bleed a dead Wren
Can be of no use."

Doctor Owl then declared

That the cause of her death

He really believed,

Was the want of more breath.

"Indeed, Doctor Owl,
You are much in the right:
You may just as well say
That day is not night."



"Says Robin, "Get out!
You're a parcel of quacks;
Or I'll lay this good stick
On each of your backs."

Then Robin began

To bang them about;

They stayed for no fees,

But were glad to clear out.

Poor Robin long for Jenny grieves,
At last he covers her with leaves;
Yet near the place a mournful lay
For Jenny Wren sings every day.



